

A Tale dark & grimm

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A tale dark and
grimm

Contents...

1. Little red riding
hood... pg.11

2.Faithful

Jhoannes... pg. 23

3.Hansel and

Gretel... pg. 105

4.The three Golden
hairs.... Pg. 151

5. Gretel and the
broken kingdom...
pg. 171

6. Hansel and
Gretel and the
dragon... pg. 186

7. The end... 202

**Once upon a
time, fairy tales
were actually,**

**truly awesome-
But why aren't
they good?**

**Well, if you pass
a tale from
generation to
generation, you
will be fine. But
if you pass a tale
to many**

**generations, it's
more likely that
the parents will
change out all
the scary and
bloody and
violent parts-
The awesome
ones- and the
story will come**

**to this: A little
girl in a red
riding hood is
walking through
the forest, and
blah blah blah
blah. I don't care
about little girls.
Oh, and with
riding hoods.**

Red ones.

**Well, you get it:
fairy tales
nowadays are
boring and the
worst.**

**But let's hear
the real little red
riding hood and**

**a story that
connects to it.**

Little red riding hood: the real story

Little red riding
hood was called
that because of a
red riding hood her
grandma had gave
her several years
ago.

She, right now,
was chilling-

**Maybe let's not
use 'chilling'.**

She, right now,
was in her
bedroom, locked,
doing nothing,
until her mom
called her down
stairs. 'Little red

riding hood, might
you go and deliver
these cakes to
your grandma?’
Asked little red
riding hoods’ mom.
‘Okay, mom,’ she
said, racing down
the stairs. She took
the basket her

mom was holding.
An aroma rose
from the basket,
and little red riding
hood skipped
outside.

‘Bye, mom!’ Little
red riding hood
cried.

Her mom waved to
her as she
disappeared.

Little red riding
hood skipped all
the way until she
stopped seeing a
blood splat.

**Maybe hire a
babysitter for**

**the rest of the
other three
stories? And this
one.**

Just then, a black
thing moved in the
bushes. Little red
riding hood
gasped.

It was a wolf, she knew as it turned around.

Now, don't ask me why didn't she turn away and go mental and go run away.

She stood, there.

And, because I just took from Grimm's fairytales but it isn't completely copyrighted, it will just end right now.

**Make sure list:
No kids in the
room!**

There, aside from
the wolf and his
sharp jagged
teeth, was the
body of Little red
riding hood's
grandma, solemnly
sitting there, with
nine fingers. In a

burp, without
saying hi, the wolf
threw Little red
riding hood over
his hand, he
swallowed her
whole. Near the
scene was a
hunter, who came
with a huge

shotgun, and shot
the wolf.

Blood splattering,
and the wolf
staggering, he
burped out Little
red riding hood's
legs, and then her
body, all splat with
blood. Well, and if

you don't mind,
just then the wolf
threw himself with
his ten or so last
breaths. He
wouldn't have died
if he hadn't done
this, but it's how
the story goes. As
the wolf sprawled

himself, the hunter shot the wolf in the chest, and when the wolf got to him, he scratched the man's eye out. But the man shot the wolf in the head, and the wolf died.

And they all lived
happily ever after.

Uh-huh.

Totally real.

FAITHFUL
JHONHANES

**Some time later,
Little red riding
became queen.
But she got
enchanted by a
witch... Cursed.
She became the
golden queen.**

Once upon a time
there was an old
king who was ill.
He thought, "I am

lying on what must
be my deathbed,"
then said, "Have
faithful Johannes
come to me."

Faithful Johannes
was his favorite
servant, and was
so called, because
he had been so

loyal to him for his
whole life long.
When he
approached the
bed the king said
to him, "Most
faithful Johannes, I
feel that my end is
near. My only
concern is for my

son. He is still young and may not always have the best judgment. I will not be able to close my eyes in peace if you do not promise to teach him everything that he ought to

know, and to be his foster father."

Faithful Johannes answered, "I will not forsake him, and will serve him faithfully, even if it costs me my life."

At this, the old king said, "Then I

will die in comfort
and peace,"
adding, "After my
death, show him
the entire castle --
all the chambers,
halls, and vaults,
and all the
treasures which lie
therein. But do not

show him the last chamber in the long gallery, which contains the portrait of the Princess of the Golden Roof. If he sees that picture, he will fall violently in love with her,

will fall down
unconscious, and
will put himself at
great risk for her
sake. You must
protect him from
that."

After faithful
Johannes had once
more given his

promise to the old king about this, the old dude said no more, but laid his head on his pillow and died.

After the old king had been carried to his grave, faithful Johannes

told the young king
all that he had
promised his father
on his deathbed,
and said, "I will
surely keep my
promise, and will
be loyal to you as I
have been loyal to
him, even if it

should cost me my
life."

When the
mourning was
over, faithful
Johannes said to
the young king, "It
is now time for you
to see your
inheritance. I will

show you your
father's castle."

Then he took him
everywhere, up
and down, and let
him see all the
riches and the
magnificent
chambers. But
there was one

chamber which he did not open, the one that contained the dangerous portrait. Now the portrait was so placed that when the door was opened one looked straight at it. It

was so masterfully
painted that it
seemed to live and
breathe and to be
the most charming
beautiful thing in
the whole world.

The young king
noticed that
faithful Johannes

always walked past
this one door, and
said, "Why do you
never open this
one for me?"

He replied, "There
is something in
there that would
frighten you."

The king answered
"I have seen the
entire castle, and I
want to know what
is in this room as
well." And he was
about to break
open the door by
force.

Faithful Johannes
held him back,
saying, "I promised
your father before
his death that you
should not see
inside this
chamber. It could
bring great

misfortune on you
and on me."

"Oh, no!" replied
the young king. "If
I do not go in, it
will be my certain
downfall. I shall
have no rest day
or night until I
have seen inside

with my own eyes.
I shall not leave
here until you have
unlocked the door."
Faithful Johannes
saw that there was
no other way. With
a heavy heart and
many sighs, he
took the key from

the large ring.
After opening the
door, he went in
first, thinking that
he could block
king's view of the
portrait, that the
king would not see
it in front of him.
But what good did

it do? The king
stood on tiptoes
and saw the
portrait over
faithful Johannes's
shoulder. After
seeing the girl's
portrait, which was
so magnificent and
glistened with gold

and precious
stones, he fell
unconscious to the
ground.

Faithful Johannes
picked him up,
carried him to his
bed, and
sorrowfully
thought,

"Misfortune has befallen us, dear Lord. How will it end?" Then he strengthened the king with wine, until he regained consciousness.

The king's first words were, "Oh,

whose portrait is
that beautiful
picture?"

"That is the
Princess of the
Golden Roof,"
answered faithful
Johannes.

The king
continued, "My

love for her is so
great, that if all the
leaves on all the
trees were
tongues, they
would not be able
to express it. I will
risk my life to win
her. You are my
most faithful

Johannes. You
must help me."

The faithful
servant thought to
himself for a long
time how to
approach the
matter, for it was
difficult even to
come into view of

the king's
daughter. Finally
he thought of a
way, and said to
the king,
"Everything which
she has about her
is of gold -- tables,
chairs, dishes,
cups, bowls, and

household
implements.

Among your
treasures are five
tons of gold. Have
the royal
goldsmiths fashion
one ton into all
manner of vessels
and utensils, into

all kinds of birds,
wild beasts, and
strange animals.
She will like these
things, and we will
go there with them
and to try our
luck."

The king
summoned all the

goldsmiths, and
they had to work
night and day until
at last the most
splendid things
were prepared.
When everything
had been loaded
on board a ship,
faithful Johannes

disguised himself
as a merchant, and
the king had to do
the same thing in
order to make
himself quite
unrecognizable.

Then they sailed
across the sea, and
sailed on until they

came to the city
where the Princess
of the Golden Roof
lived.

Faithful Johannes
had the king stay
behind on the ship
and wait for him.
"Perhaps I shall
bring the princess

with me," he said.
"Therefore see that
everything is in
order. Have the
golden vessels set
out and the whole
ship decorated."
Then he put all
kinds of golden
things into his

apron, went on
shore and walked
straight to the
royal castle. When
he entered the
courtyard of the
castle, a beautiful
girl was standing
there by the well
with two golden

buckets in her
hand, drawing
water with them.
She was just
turning around to
carry away the
sparkling water
when she saw the
stranger and asked
who he was.

He answered, "I am a merchant," opening his apron, and letting her look in.

"Oh, what beautiful golden things," she cried, putting her buckets down and looking at the

golden wares one after the other. Then the girl said, "The princess must see these things. She takes such great pleasure in golden things, that she will buy all you have." Taking him

by the hand, she
led him upstairs,
for she was the
princess's
chambermaid.

When the princess
saw the wares, she
was quite
delighted and said,
"They are so

beautifully made
that I will buy them
all from you."

But faithful
Johannes said, "I
am only the
servant of a rich
merchant. The
things I have here
are not to be

compared with
those my master
has in his ship.
They are the most
beautiful and
valuable things
that have ever
been made in
gold." When she
wanted to have

everything brought up to her, he said, "There is so much that it would take a great many days to do that, and so many rooms would be required to exhibit them, that

your house is not big enough."

This made her all the more curious and desirous, so at last she said, "Take me to the ship. I will go there myself and see

your master's
treasures."

Faithful Johannes
happily led her to
the ship, and when
the king beheld
her, he saw that
she was even more
beautiful than the
portrait, and he

thought that his heart would surely break. Then she boarded the ship, and the king led her inside. But faithful Johannes remained with the helmsman and ordered the ship to

be pushed off,
saying, "Set all the
sails and fly like a
bird in the air."

Inside, the king
showed her the
golden vessels,
every one of them,
and also the wild
beasts and strange

animals. Many
hours went by
while she was
looking at
everything, and in
her delight she did
not notice that the
ship was sailing
away. After she
had looked at the

last item, she
thanked the
merchant and
wanted to go
home, but when
she came to the
side of the ship,
she saw that it was
on the high seas
far from land, and

speeding onward
at full sail.

"Oh!" she cried in
alarm "I've been
betrayed. I've been
kidnapped and
have fallen into the
power of a
merchant. I would
rather die!"

Taking her by the hand, the king said, "I am not a merchant. I am a king, and of no lower birth than you are. If I have tricked you into coming with me, it is only because of

my great love for
you. The first time
I saw your portrait,
I fell to the ground
unconscious."

When the Princess
of the Golden Roof
was comforted
when she heard
this. Her heart

yielded to him, and
she willingly
consented to
marry him.

Now it so
happened that
while they were
sailing onward on
the high sea,
faithful Johannes,

who was sitting at
the front of the
ship making music,
saw three ravens
flying through the
air towards them.
He stopped playing
and listened to
what they were
saying to each

other, for he could understand them.

One cried "Oh, he is carrying home the Princess of the Golden Roof."

"Yes," replied the second, "but he doesn't have her yet."

The third one said,
"Yes, he has her.
She is sitting
beside him in the
ship."

Then the first one
began again,
crying, "What good
will that do him?
When they reach

land a chestnut
horse will leap
forward to meet
him, and the
prince will want to
mount it, but if he
does that, it will
leap up into the air
with him, and he

will never see his
bride again."

The second one
spoke, "Is there no
escape?"

"Oh, yes, if
someone else
quickly mounts it,
takes the gun from
its saddlebag, and

shoots the horse
dead, then young
king will be
rescued. But who
knows that? And if
anyone does know
it, and tells it to
the king, he will be
turned to stone

from his toes to his knees."

Then the second raven said, "I know more than that. Even if the horse is killed, still the young king will not keep his bride. When they enter

the castle
together, a ready-
made wedding
shirt will be lying
there on a platter.
It will appear to be
woven of gold and
silver, but it is
nothing but sulfur
and pitch. If he

puts it on, it will
burn him to the
very marrow and
bone."

The third one
spoke, "Is there no
escape at all?"

"Oh, yes," replied
the second raven.

"If anyone with

gloves on seizes
the garment and
throws it into the
fire and burns it
up, the young king
will be saved. But
what good will that
do? If anyone
knows it and tells it
to the king, half his

body will become
stone, from his
knees to his
heart."

Then the third
raven said, "I know
still more. Even if
the wedding shirt
is burned up, still
the young king will

not have his bride.
After the wedding,
when the dancing
begins and the
young queen is
dancing, she will
suddenly turn pale
and fall down as if
dead. If someone
does not lift her up

and draw three
drops of blood
from her right
breast and spit
them out again,
she will die. But if
anyone who knows
that reveals it, his
entire body will
turn to stone, from

the crown of his
head to the soles
of his feet."

After the ravens
had thus spoken
they flew away.
Faithful Johannes
had understood
everything well.
From that time

forth he became
quiet and sad, for
if he concealed
what he had heard
from his master, it
would bring
misfortune to the
king, but if he
revealed it to him,
then he himself

would have to
sacrifice his life.

Finally he said to
himself, "I will save
my master, even if
it brings
destruction on
myself."

When they landed,
what the raven

foretold did indeed
happen, and a
magnificent
chestnut horse
sprang forward.

"Excellent!" said
the king. "He shall
carry me to my
castle."

He was about to
mount it when
faithful Johannes
pushed in front of
him, quickly
jumped onto the
horse, drew the
gun from its
saddlebag, and
shot the horse.

The king's other servants, who were not very fond of faithful Johannes, shouted, "How shameful to kill the beautiful animal that was to have carried the king to his castle."

But the king said,
"Hold your peace
and leave him
alone. He is my
most faithful
Johannes. Who
knows what good
may come of this?"
They entered the
castle, and in the

hall there stood a platter on which lay the wedding shirt that appeared to be made of gold and silver. The young king went towards it and was about to take hold of it, but faithful

Johannes pushed him away, seized it with gloves, carried it quickly to the fire, and burned it up.

The other servants began to murmur again, saying, "Look, now he is

even burning up
the king's wedding
shirt."

But the young king
said, "Who knows
what good he may
have done? Leave
him alone. He is
my most faithful
Johannes."

And now the
wedding took
place. The dance
began, with the
bride also taking
part. Faithful
Johannes was
watchful and
looked into her
face. Suddenly she

turned pale and
fell to the ground
as if she were
dead. He ran
quickly to her,
picked her up and
carried her into a
chamber. He laid
her down, then
knelt and sucked

three drops of
blood from her
right breast, and
spat them out.
Immediately she
breathed again
and regained
consciousness. The
young king saw
what had

happened, and not
knowing why
faithful Johannes
had done it, grew
angry and
shouted, "Throw
him into prison."

The next morning
faithful Johannes
was condemned

and led to the gallows. Standing high on the platform and about to be executed, he said, "Everyone who is condemned to die is permitted before his end to say one last thing.

May I too have this right?"

"Yes," answered the king. "You are granted this right."

Faithful Johannes said, "I have been unjustly condemned, and have always been

loyal to you, and he related how he had heard the conversation of the ravens at sea, and how he had had to do all these things in order to save his master.

Then the king
cried, "Oh, my
most faithful
Johannes, pardon!
Pardon! Bring him
down."

But as faithful
Johannes spoke
the last word, he
fell down lifeless

and turned to
stone.

This caused the
king and the queen
great grief, and the
king said, "Oh, I
have rewarded him
very badly for his
great loyalty." He
then ordered the

stone figure to be
taken up and
placed in his
bedroom next to
his bed. Every time
that he looked at it
he wept, saying,
"Oh, if only I could
bring you back to

life again, my most faithful Johannes."

Some time passed and the queen bore twins, two sons who grew fast and were her delight. Once when the queen was at church and the two

children were sitting beside their father and playing, he again looked sadly at the stone statue and said, "Oh, if only I could bring you back to life again, my most faithful Johannes."

Then the stone began to speak and said, "You can bring me back to life again if you will in return give up what is dearest to you."

The king cried, "For you I will give

up everything I
have in the world."

The stone
continued, "If you
will cut off the
heads of your two
children with your
own hand, then
sprinkle their blood

on me, I shall be restored to life."

The king was horrified when he heard that he would have to kill his own dearest children, but he thought of faithful Johannes's great

loyalty, and how
he had died for
him, then drew his
sword, and with his
own hand cut off
the children's
heads. And when
he had smeared
the stone with
their blood, it

returned to life,
and faithful
Johannes stood
before him, again
healthy and well.

He said to the
king, "Your loyalty
shall not go
unrewarded," then
taking the

children's heads,
he put them on
again, then rubbed
the wounds with
their blood, at
which they
became
immediately whole
again, and jumped
about and went on

playing as if
nothing had
happened.

The king was
overjoyed. When
he saw the queen
coming he hid
faithful Johannes
and the two
children in a large

chest. When she entered, he said to her, "Have you been praying in the church?"

"Yes," she answered, "but I have constantly been thinking about faithful

Johannes and what
misfortune has
befallen him
because of us."

Then he said,
"Dear wife, we can
give him his life
again, but it will
cost us our two
little sons. We will

have to sacrifice them."

The queen turned pale, and her heart filled with terror, but she said, "We owe it to him for his great loyalty."

The king rejoiced to hear that she

agreed with him,
then he opened up
the chest and
brought forth
faithful Johannes
and the children,
saying, "God be
praised! Faithful
Johannes has been
saved, and we

have our little sons again as well." He told her how everything had happened. Then they lived happily together until they died.

**Just take out
that they lived
happily ever
after.. Because
they didn't.**

Hansel and Gretel

When Hansel and
Gretel went to
their bedrooms,
they locked them.

‘Hansel, do you
think our parents
killed us because

of that ugly man?’
Asked Gretel.

‘I think so.’ Hansel
said, tears in his
eyes.

‘I think they don’t
love us anymore!’
Cried Gretel.

**What they didn't
know is that
their parents
were hearing
this.**

Gretel took a rope
and tied to a chair
leg, and just then,
she threw herself,

getting the end of
the rope, but
falling.

Hansel threw
himself but didn't
get the rope and
fell in top of Gretel,
and hit her.

‘Ouch!’ She cried.

‘Sorry,’ said
Hansel.

They got up, and
ran. Just as their
parents banged
the door out clean,
and looked at the
chair. After they
looked out the
window. They

tugged the rope,
and before they
climbed out, Gretel
tugged the chair
toward them,
making the king
fall. He held his
hands tightly
around the window
frame.

I know.

**The next thing
that's going to
happen is gross.**

The king's nail
slipped off, and
broke, leaving a

bloody stain on the
king's finger.

The queen tugged
him up, and they
bandaged the
damage.

Hansel and Gretel
ran, and before her
mother shouted:

‘Be careful with
the wolves!’

**Well, ‘Be careful
with the wolves!’
Wouldn’t help
what was going
to happen to
them in the Grim
Forest.**

The kids ran, going
into the Grim
Forest.

‘Where will we go?’
Asked Hansel.

‘Maybe we can go
to Ms. Baker’s. The
one who makes

Chocolate cake for us?' Said Gretel.

'Oooh, Yeah that one. I want to go there!' Hansel was already running. Gretel tugged on his shirt, pulling him away. 'Hansel, not now. We got to

ready up!’ She
said.

But Hansel was
already looking at
something else.

Gretel went next to
him. He had tears
in his eyes,
watching a family

eating dinner
happily.

Gretel hugged him.

‘Thanks, Gretel,’
Said Hansel.

Hansel hugged
her, too.

**The saddest part
in the story: The
emotional part.**

Hansel and Gretel
could hear the
people in town
searching for
them.

Suddenly, the family on the window started getting up. So Hansel tugged Gretel, got the map, but the map got stuck. The people on the

window were
getting up.

So Hansel pushed
Gretel and got the
map, now ripped.

The people on the
window were out
and turned to
Hansel and Gretel,
and shouted,

signaling at them.
After Gretel ran,
(And so did
Hansel,) The family
on the window
chased them.

Hansel threw the
map at their faces,
covering them up.

They ran through
the crooked trees
that looked like
they were reaching
for them.

A family of wolves
ran from the trees,
and scampered
around Gretel,

trying to take her
eye off like a doll.

Just then, Hansel
tumbled on Gretel,
shielding her. The
only thing Gretel
could see was
Hansel getting
scratched in the
middle of the face.

‘Arghh!’ He cried,
battling the
wolves. Just as he
did it, a branch fell.
It was very sharp.
And, at the same
time, a wolf was
trying to bite
Gretel, but Hansel
put his arm in front

of it, blocking it.
'I... Will... Help...
My... Sister...!'
Cried Hansel.

Hansel, with an
arm bleeding, and
a teethmark of
jagged tooth with
it, and a scratch in
the middle of the

face, battled, and
got the stick,
sinking it deep in
the wolf in front of
him that had
scratched him, and
he sank it in the
roof of his mouth,
just in it. The wolf
sank his teeth on

him, and when
Hansel took his
hand off, it came
with a tooth.

His shirt was
rigged, and as he
did it, stand up,
with another
jagged stick, the
roof of the wolf's

mouth was
dripping red, hot
blood from it.

‘I am the king!’ He
screamed, and
then fell to the
floor, bleeding.

The wolves
scampered out,
leaving the body.

**See what I
meant?**

**This is pure
gore.**

Gretel picked
Hansel up, and
ran, to the log that
connected the
forest to the
deeper forest.

There, in the
deeper forest,

were various
houses.

It was still in the
village of Grimm,
but it was more
deeper.

There, they saw a
sign that said:
MRS. BAKERS

HOUSE in scraggly
letters.

At that point,
Hansel was waking
up. Gretel ran, and
delighted herself
seeing that there
were donuts hung
up.

She grabbed one,
and another one
for Hansel.

At the smell,
Hansel woke up.

Blood was falling
from his forehead
and nose. They
saw the frost walls
and gumdrops that

decorated Ms.
Bakers house.

They ran to eat
some, and took
more and more
and ate like
animals.

And then a woman
broke the door,
and shouted, what

seemed to mostly
the two, angrily,
'WHO'S EATING MY
HOUSE!'

Wow.

**So much Intense
things and 129
pages that I'm
skipping pages.**

The Baker woman
took a breadknife,
and Gretel
screamed as she
sliced into her.

Well, not really.

Gretel gasped
when she saw that

she sliced into a
candy cane that
was near here, and
gave it to Gretel.

Told you.

Hansel gasped,
too.

‘Kids! I loooooove
kids! You’re so
cute! I just want to
eat you!’ The crazy
baker woman said.

Don’t let her
actually **eat you.**
Well, The Grimm
brothers’ call

**her a witch, but
she wasn't.**

**She was just a
normal woman,
who accidentally
threw her kid
into an oven, but
when she
opened it, he
was a pie.**

**Well, you
guessed it. She
tasted him.**

Really.

And she liked it.

Really.

**And she started
fattening up kids
to eat them.**

Really.

‘Are you kids
hungry?’ She
asked, in a false
kind voice. ‘Yes!’
Both kids said,
smiling at each
other.

The baker woman
took them in, and

served them beef
and steak, and
pork chops and
much more, and
also served them
chocolate cake,
and vanilla
cupcakes, and a lot
more. They ate like
animals and at a

point, Gretel said,
'I think we should
live here, were we
could eat
chocolate cake and
be loved with food,
always!' She said,
stuffing a
disgustingly huge

amount of cake
into her mouth.

**Good thinking,
Gretel, food can
totally make
love.**

**Once a granny
gave me some
cookies and they**

**were poisoned,
now I'm a raven.**

After a while, they
fell asleep because
of the much food
they had ate.

Then, the baker
woman took them
by the shoulder

and put them in
separate beds, and
they slept.

‘Don’t let the
bedbugs bite...
Until you taste!’
She went out of
the room,
laughing.

In the morning,
Hansel saw that
the baker woman
was taking Gretel
somewhere, but
what could he do,
if he was a fat ball
of nothing?

After a while, the
baker woman took

Hansel, too, and said: 'Let's go, fat kid, so you can see if the oven is hot enough for your sister.' When they got to the basement, Hansel saw that Gretel was in a cage, but

ignored it. The
baker woman
opened the oven,
and threw him
inside. Hansel felt
the oven warming
up, and felt himself
cooking.

He smelled
delicious.

**But if you know
the story, it's
just a pork chop.**

He took something
out of his pocket,
and saw it was a
pork chop.
Suddenly, he
realized

everything. And
then, he got an
idea.

He threw the pork
chop, and looked
up. There was a
chimney.

He climbed up,
and stayed there.

The baker woman
opened the door
and saw that he
was a pork chop
now.

At this moment, he
jumped, threw the
baker woman in
the oven, And

locked the oven
door.

He saw the keys on
the floor, and
opened Gretel's
cage.

They ran up, and
tried to get there
things.

But they heard a
crash as they were
going up the stairs.
It was the baker
woman.

**Maybe you don't
know that ovens
don't lock,
Hansel.**

‘OVENS... DON’T...
LOCK...!’

Just said that.

The kids ran to
their bedrooms,
and, when she
charged at them,

they ran to the
right and left, with
their individual
beds.

The baker woman
crashed through
the window, falling
into the cut candy
cane.

Blood splattered
from the baker
woman's chest.

'W-Wow...' Said
Gretel.

'I think we need
somebody else?'
Asked Hansel.

'Yes,' said Gretel.
But before they

could move, the
devil came. He
looked at the
window, only
seeing Hansel.

‘YOU KILLED HER!
IN THREE DAYS,
YOU WILL GO TO
HELL WITH HER!’
Cried the devil.

He disappeared.

‘I think we have
more trouble in our
hands...’ Said
Hansel.

**Next thing:
Hansel goes to
hell.**

**Totally for
children.**

That

sarcasm.

The

three

golden

hairs

Once upon a time,
there was a kid
who was going to
hell.

And that kid was
named Hansel. He

was walking
through the Grimm
Forest, alone,
through the
reaching trees that
wanted to reach
for him and never
let him go.

He cried.

And cried.

Until he got to a place where there was a big field.

There was a huge village there, and he asked for stay, as the next day he would go to the devil's. 'Only if you know why our

chocolate fountain
is broken.’ Said a
soldier. ‘Com’n,
Sponge, only the
devil knows!’ Said
the other soldier.

‘Well, I’ll ask him.’
Said Hansel. The
next day, he went
on his quest, and

found another
village. 'Can you
give me stay?
Asked Hansel.

'Only if you find
out why our golden
apple tree stopped
giving gold
apples,' a soldier
said.

‘Oh, come on, only the devil knows!’

Another said.

‘I’ll ask him tomorrow, since I’m going,’ said Hansel.

The next day, he came to a foggy stop. It was noon,

and he saw a door with red on it. He guessed it was hell. He went over where he thought the door was. But, he almost fell over, because there was a river. A boat came, but, first, he

saw a tree full of strings. Golden ones. He took one, and put it in his pocket, with a metal, pointy stick that he found.

He boarded the boat, and talked

with the man
riding it.

‘I’m cursed, and
the only way you
can get out of the
devils’ grasp is to
take three golden
hairs from his
head. Not really
surprising. Nobody

comes out- At
least, alive.’ He
chuckled.

‘I’m sick of this,
sicko!’ He cried,
having a
meltdown. After
being driven to the
devils’ office by
two demons with

ragged clothes and
frowns he waited.
And started
waiting, and
waiting, he
wondered how to
get the three
golden hairs.
The door was
awkwardly opened,

and he heard
screaming from
the door. He had to
know what it was.

The doorknob was
a circle, white... It
was an eyeball!

Hansel screamed
at this, but tried
not to make it too

long. Thankfully,
the devil didn't
hear it over the
screaming from
the room. Hansel
vacuumed in his
scream as he
opened the door,
and walked inside.
It was a grandma,

green and ugly.
She looked gross,
and had two things
of what looked like
dry sticks in her
forehead instead
of the good-looking
horns the devil
had. He smiled.

Suddenly, the
grandma ran to
what looked like a
bathroom. And just
then, Hansel went
to the devil, and
tugged out a hair,
without a costume
or anything.

Just then, the devil
woke up, and
looked at Hansel.

Hansel gasped,
and ran. The devil
got his trinket and
ran, charging at
Hansel. Just then,
Hansel shut the
door on the devil,

which slowed him down.

Hansel got to the boat, and told the cursed old man what to do. Then, when the devil crashed out, Hansel was already out. Just then, the

devil got in the
boat, leaving his
trinket.

The man was
going slow, and
the devil was
getting more
impatient and
impatient by
minute.

So the man gave his oar to the devil, giving him the curse. Just as the devil got to the end, he realized, and the old man ran. Just then, the devil threw the oar at Hansel, but

instead hit the old man and Hansel after.

Hansel was going to help the old man, but the man told him not to.

Hansel was crying now. He just went to get another

string, but couldn't reach it.

The old man was bleeding, and now dying. He took his last breathe, and died. Hansel helped himself to live, and got out of hell alive, without

three golden hairs,
and no answers.

He walked, alone.

Just alone.

But he didn't feel
like good, and
dropped to the
floor, dead.

Sorry.

**I know, the end
is bad, but it will
get better.**

Just not yet.

Gretel and the broken kingdom

Once upon a time,
there was a lonely

girl, with no
brother, which was
going around to
find her home.

Her name was
Gretel. Gretel
came to the
kingdom of Grimm,
her home, bloody
and stinky,

She went into the
royal house.

Just then, the door
opened, and their
parents were
hugging Gretel.

‘Where is Hansel?’
Asked her father.

‘Dead,’ she said
between tears.

They all cried.

Until a figure came
in picture.

And knocked on
the door.

It was Hansel,
blood almost
everywhere in his
body.

I told you.

**It was going to
be good.**

Just then, an
explosion broke
the lovely thing.

There was a
dragon, wrecking
everything.

The end

Not really.

Hansel and Gretel
looked at each
other. And they
took swords, and
went to destroy
the dragon.

The end

Kind of.

They gathered the
people on the
village, and they
all came to fight it.

The dragon ate
one of the persons.
When the dragon

ate it, Gretel
charged and tried
to kill it, but her
sword got stuck in
the dirt. The
dragon looked at
her, and, luckily,
she

Got out in time,
and the dragon ate
her sword.

They all ran, and
so did Hansel and
Gretel, home.

**This is the
shortest story in
the book.**

But let's go.

Hansel and Gretel
and the dragon

Once upon a time,
there were horrible
parents, and brave
kids.

The kids names
were Hansel and
Gretel. They were
going to kill a
dragon. Just as
they got new
swords, the dragon
broke the houses,
and crashed

through the castle wall.

Hansel threw his sword, which cut one of the dragon's feet.

The dragon put on fire a wardrobe next to Hansel, and flew away.

**Not quite. They
will still go.**

They ran to the
field, but saw
many dead people.

The ones left were
healing each other.

They were really
hopeless when
they saw the
dragon coming at
them.

The end.

**It's still not the
end.**

Hansel threw his sword again, and hit the dragon in the chest, and it exploded, sending everyone dead away.

Hansel got back up and helped Gretel.

They were all
happy.

**Finally, may I be
a human now?**

...

...

**Uh! What did I
miss?**

Oh, yeah.

When they
celebrated,
everyone drank
beer and everyone
was happy.

After the
celebration, Hansel
and Gretel asked
their parent why
they cut out their

heads, and they
told the whole
story. (Go to page
23 again if you
want to imagine
they told the
Story.)

They were all
happy together.
Really.

And they all lived
happily ever after.

Now, may I say...
The end.

Psst!

**Really! They all
lived happily
ever after and
it's the end!**

Or not?...

**Get cash and
wait for:**

**A tale dark
and**

Grimm:

**Not really
an end!**

The end.

About the author:

Emanuel S.M. is a
kid.

And the only thing
I'm going to say is:
This is my first
published book!

**Reader beware,
Open up if you
dare.**

**But if you do,
there will be**

**horrible things
inside.**

**But just wait,
because
although this is
a fairy tale, it is
different from
the others
because this one
is true.**